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Samantha finally left for St. Onan's Center. It was her "beauty spa." At least it wasn't another flop like Emile Durkheim House. She'd been aggressive to Adam. She said she wanted to kill him and his wife. Especially his wife. Then they could get married. She'd known him for years, as his client in another House. Adam was her scapegoat and lover combined. When she was delusional she called the imaginary friend, who held the door open and waited for her, "Adam." Sitting in the lounge with Adam and me during one of Adam's regular cigarette breaks, Samantha started to swear at the news announcer on CNN. It wasn't Dan Rather. That much was certain. Adam asked her to watch her language.

She told Adam to fuck off, and reminded him that she was going to kill him and his wife, but not in that order. Adam said she was skating on very thin ice. Samantha stormed out of the lounge.

Then she came to us in the office. She apologized to Adam for threatening him and asked him to please call the police right away next time. Adam said he didn't want to call the police. It wasn't necessary. He said Samantha should stop taking out her frustration on others every time she ran out of money. Samantha said it wasn't money. She was feeling suicidal. She wanted a "PRN" and a subway token. The